

AMERICAN
JUNIOR RED CROSS
NEWS





Purr for February Fourteenth

FRANCES FROST

Illustrated by Helene Carter

FOUR black kittens lurch through the door;
 sixteen paws on the kitchen floor
 steer wildly toward their watchful mother.
 Sister and sister, brother and brother,
 lift blue eyes in small odd faces,
 and veer to tangle with my sneaker-laces.

Four black kittens, tumbling and squeaking,
 bumping each other, hiding and peeking,—
 how can I choose one to be mine,
 my own pert-whiskered Valentine;
 how can I tell which has my heart,
 when I can't tell my loves apart?



A Guide for Teachers

BY RUTH EVELYN HENDERSON

The February News in the School

The Classroom Index

Arithmetic:

"Circus for the N. C. F.," "News Parade," and "To All Junior Red Cross Members" present a practical problem in earning money for Red Cross service.

Art:

"Llamas in the Andes" (front cover), "The Washington Family," "Poles in Virginia"

Geography:

Arctic Lands—"Rounding up the Sheep," "Eskimo Dogs of Siberia"

China—"Si Ling's Secret"

Iceland—"Rounding up the Sheep"

Latin America—"Llamas in the Andes," "Spanish Singing Game"

Russia—"Eskimo Dogs of Siberia"

United States—"Washington," "Charles Steinmetz: American Scientist," "Poles in Virginia," "The Washington Family," "Twelve Daughters of Democracy" and "Leader of Democracy" (book reviews), "To All Junior Red Cross Members" and "For Unity" (editorials), "Some of Us Americans," "America Is" may serve as a model in writing another composite class poem titled "We Are Defending—."

Music:

"Spanish Singing Game"

Primary Grades:

"Purr for February Fourteenth," "Si Ling's Secret," "Animals through the Year" and "Red Tassels for Huki" (book reviews), "Zoo Babies"

Units:

Climate and Seasons—"Rounding up the Sheep," "Eskimo Dogs in Siberia," "Some of Us Americans"

Holidays—"Washington," "The Washington Family," "To All Junior Red Cross Members," "For Unity," "America Is"

National Defense—"Washington," "Charles Steinmetz: American Scientist," "Poles in Virginia," "The Washington Family," "Twelve Daughters of Democracy," "Leader of Democracy," "To All Junior Red Cross Members," "For Unity," "America Is," "Circus for the N. C. F.," "News Parade"

Occupations—"Rounding up the Sheep," "Eskimo Dogs of Siberia," "Charles Steinmetz: American Scientist," "Some of Us Americans," "Si Ling's Secret"

Pets and Animals—"Llamas in the Andes," "Purr for February Fourteenth," "Rounding up the Sheep," "Eskimo Dogs of Siberia," "America Is," "Animals through the Year," "Red Tassels for Huki," "Zoo Babies"

Science and Invention—"Charles Steinmetz: American Scientist," "Si Ling's Secret"

Braille

The brailled *Junior Red Cross News* for this month includes "Charles Steinmetz: American Scientist," "The Washington Family," "For Unity," an editorial; "Some of Us Americans," "Circus for the National Children's Fund," "News Parade."

Brailled Easter greetings are now available, on request from Area Headquarters offices, for Junior Red Cross members to cover in their Art classes and send to the schools and classes for the blind, assigned to them.

Junior Red Cross and the War Fund

The editorial addressed by Mr. Nicholson to all Junior Red Cross members should be headlined in class discussions about national defense. The appeal made can be met adequately only through direct and immediate action on the part of all—Junior Red Cross Chairmen, committee members, school sponsors, teachers, and the Junior Red Cross members themselves. In a letter to Junior Red Cross Chairmen from Area Headquarters, further suggestions were made, some of which will be especially helpful to teachers:

"The children of the United States will desire to participate actively in this War Fund Campaign. They should, moreover, be made to feel that their participation is vitally important. . . .

"The heart and core of this Campaign is the individual gift made to the total reported by the group. . . . Whether the gifts can be pennies or dollars is a matter which the individual's resources and conscience will decide. The vital thing is that all children and youth be encouraged to contribute what they can and thus earn the rare privilege of helping to alleviate the suffering and privation which lies ahead.

"While the basis of young America's contribution to this Campaign will and should be the individual contribution of boys and girls, other means of raising money by organized groups should be used. Giving educationally worth-while entertainments for modest admission charges should be encouraged. Schools should be encouraged to establish centers where valuable materials, usually regarded as waste, can be deposited by children and later sold. To cite a single example, an aggressive and persistent campaign for the collection of newspapers, magazines, and other waste paper will not only result in the raising of money but also contribute greatly to the conservation of a resource important to our defense.

"Many other suggestions for individual and group action by boys and girls to secure contributions or earn money for a similar purpose have been reported in recent issues of the *News*. Additional suggestions will be sent to Chapters in the near future; and you should be able to make many suggestions to us. . . .

"All contributions are to be transmitted through the local Red Cross Chapter. In no instance should a contribution be sent directly to Area or National Headquarters."

Developing Calendar Activities for February

"Our Heritage from Many Nations"

IN EACH SECTION of the February page pupils will find suggestions for developing the theme: our national heritage from many countries. Lincoln's birthday is an occasion for remembering his remarks on the many countries from which our citizens came:

"We have besides these men, descended from the blood of our ancestors among us, half our people who are not descendants at all of these men; they are men who have come from Europe—German, French, Scandinavian—men that have come from Europe themselves or whose ancestors have come hither, and settled here, finding themselves our equals in all things. If they look back through this history, to trace their connection with those days by blood, they find they have none; they cannot carry themselves back into that glorious epoch and make themselves feel that they are a part of us; but when they look through that old Declaration of Independence, they find that these old men say that we hold these truths to be self-evident, that all men are created equal, and then they feel that that moral sentiment taught in that day evidences their relation to those men; that it is the father of all moral principle in them, and that they have a right to claim it as though they were blood of the blood and flesh of the flesh of the men who wrote that Declaration, and so they are. That is the electric cord in that Declaration that links the hearts of patriotic and liberty-loving men together, that will link those patriotic hearts as long as the love of freedom exists in the minds of men throughout the world."

John W. Monette, from whose volume the quotation for the January *Calendar* picture was taken, wrote:

"The people of the Mississippi Valley are constituted from all nations, characters, languages, and conditions of men. Not a nation of Europe, not a class in all those nations, except royalty, which has not had its full representation here; not a state in the Union which has not sent out its colonies to people more western regions. . . . The subjects of despotic monarchies and the citizens of the freest republics of the world all commingle here, and unite to form one people, unique in feeling, character, and genius. The Puritan of the North, the Planter of the South, the German and the Iberian, the Briton and the Gaul, and even the sable sons of Africa and the northern Swede, all are here, each bringing with him his peculiar prejudices, local attachments and predilections, and side by side they have set down together and have gradually become assimilated in language, feelings, manners and usages. Mutual prejudices have been effaced by contact and intimate connection, and the people thus released from the narrow prejudices of birth and education become more liberal, enlarged in feeling, more affectionate and agreeable, and, of course, more unprejudiced than a people who have long been unique in birth, education, and national character." *History of the Discovery and Settlement of the Valley of the Mississippi*, Volume II, Page 21.

Another American visitor of about the same period, Morris Birbeck, wrote:

"National antipathies are the result of bad political institutions and not of human nature. Here, whatever their origin, whether English, Scotch, Irish, German, or French—all are Americans, and of all the imputations on the American character, jealousy of strangers is surely the most absurd and groundless. The Americans are sufficiently alive to their own interests, but they wish well to strangers and are not always satisfied with wishing, if they can promote their success by active services." Quoted in Albert Bushnell Hart, *American History as Told by Contemporaries*, Vol. 3, Page 322-323.

Poems that children will enjoy having read to them and that older pupils can present as choral readings include "Plain-Chant for America," by Katherine Garrison Chapin (contained in a volume recently pub-

lished by Harpers); "America's Making," by Rabbi Abba Hillel Silver, quoted in the *New York Times Book Reviews*, December 10, 1939, and "Colloquy for the States," by Archibald MacLeish, published first in the *Atlantic Monthly* and now in book form.

Correspondence with Other Countries

Under "Serving Children Abroad" Junior Red Cross members are advised to ask their Headquarters Office "what opportunities are open to send School Correspondence albums and greetings to Junior Red Cross members in other countries." Shipping restrictions grow more stringent constantly and such places as the Philippine Islands, Hawaii, Australia, New Zealand, and the Orient must now be added to the lengthening "deferred" list—countries with which ordinary Junior Red Cross communication is temporarily suspended. Puerto Rico, South America, and South Africa are still open. Communications can still be sent to England and Scotland, but for these countries, the usual sized albums are no longer acceptable. Smaller, well-made, interesting booklets are desired. Because of emphasis on conserving paper as well as conserving shipping space, it may be desirable to develop smaller albums, "for the duration," for all School Correspondence. It is possible to make really attractive and interesting albums that are not the maximum size ordinarily allowed. This is also an excellent time to develop Correspondence between different sections of our own country as a means to national unity. Topics on the *Calendar* pages will help you.

"For Men Enlisted in National Defense"

All schools have received a special War Fund Campaign poster, which lists several of the most important opportunities for Junior Red Cross members to cooperate in the "welfare work of the Red Cross for men enlisted in national defense." These opportunities include producing articles for the comfort of the men in the camps and collecting books that will be issued from the regional bases and camp hospitals by the Red Cross, as well as from the U. S. Service Centers by the U. S. O.

In choosing books to bring in for the campaign Junior Red Cross members will naturally pick the kind that their fathers, big brothers, and uncles enjoy reading. If a class project can be made of cleaning the books with art gum and reconditioning them as needed, the gifts will be particularly acceptable.

The articles to be produced have been listed in a special letter sent to all Red Cross Chapters. You can obtain the list from your Junior Red Cross Chairman if it has not already been presented to you. Examples of things that elementary school classes can make include afghans, beanies, cushion covers, hot water bag covers, ice bag covers, lap covers, book marks, and many favors similar to those that upper elementary grades have been making for government hospitals. Confer with your Junior Red Cross Chairman about the complete list, because there are other items on it that many classes would be interested in and competent to produce.

This activity is not supposed to supersede the regular service to the men in government hospitals but offers an opportunity for expansion and for Junior Red Cross members to have a really helpful part in service to our defense forces.

National Defense and National Morale

THE OPPORTUNITY of members of the American Junior Red Cross to strengthen national morale (their own morale and that of fellow citizens) is implied in a statement of a recent publication of the Educational Policies Commission:

"Self-confidence and morale are advanced by a feeling of ability to 'do something about' a troublesome situation. Youth are seeking a chance to render service to community, state, and nation. The Red Cross and the Defense Saving Program illustrate opportunities for cooperation in a public service which schools should fully capitalize."

(From *Education and the Morale of a Free People*, the National Education Association and the American Association of School Administrators, 1201 Sixteenth Street, N. W., Washington, D. C. Ten cents.)

Morale is defined, in the pamphlet cited, as confidence in the worth of our ideals, and courage tough enough to insure victory for those ideals. The important elements are analyzed as being health, economic security, psychological security, and confidence in associates.

Health, based on adequate nutrition and hygienic living, and safety, through intelligent habits and control of environment, give a consciousness of mastery over conditions that demand endurance and alertness. To be equipped to be among the rescuers rather than to have to be rescued reinforces morale.

Like the conservation of life and health, some of the other objectives are as familiar to Junior Red Cross members as taken-for-granted friends. Recommendation 7 reads:

"Develop sentiments of mutual appreciation and comradeship among all economic, social, racial, and religious groups."

Out of the first World War, as a result of War Relief activities of American children through the Red Cross, was woven a world-extensive system of International Correspondence, gift exchange, and partnership in educative welfare activities. Two full school generations have felt the influence, directly or indirectly. The present generation, larger than any preceding one, must be encouraged to uphold and strengthen the aim of better world understanding. Children who have enjoyed that Correspondence and the other international exchanges, who have filled Gift Boxes and taken part in War Relief, who have sent messages from the National Convention and received messages from members abroad, will neglect no opportunity to "develop sentiments of mutual appreciation and comradeship among all economic, social, racial, and religious groups" in our own country.

The *Junior Red Cross News*, through many articles and stories, will continue to support this idea of democracy with sound factual material. The *Calendar* will continue to suggest activities in key with the many found there this month. Such appreciation and comradeship have roots too deep to be destroyed by calamity brought on millions of men of better will by a minority whose human nature has been for a while blacked out.

From these deepening roots many lovely blossoms came during the past twenty-five years. The blossoms will bear fruit in a "continuing study of the responsibilities of the American people for the development of a future world of order and justice" and "an active search for the principles and procedures." The maga-

zine features aimed at this objective are bound to have ever more thoughtful reading and discussion, as you seek to prepare your pupils for leadership in public opinion.

One of the objectives, "a thorough understanding of the nature of democracy—its origins, history, achievements, problems, and values," was selected as the special theme for the Junior Red Cross this year. All have had it before them in the Poster. Junior High School and Elementary School members have had the theme developed more fully in the monthly *Calendar* pictures. The pictures have been reenforced in the *News* by articles about significant parts of our heritage, and in the *Guide for Teachers* by quotations from source material.

Another of the objectives reads:

"Develop economic security by lessening inequalities of educational opportunities, by creating sympathetic and understanding attitudes among the various economic groups, by training in skills and habits of arduous and sustained work, and by developing competence as a citizen in determining economic questions."

The habit of outgoing, voluntary service, in which all members have a self-respecting share, should make the American Junior Red Cross an instrument in every school for building understanding among children of different economic levels.

Still another of these recommendations reads:

"Strengthen public understanding of the responsibility of the citizenry for good government. Develop willingness to render, recognize, and reward honest and efficient public service. Point out the remarkable efficiency of many of our local, state, and federal governmental agencies."

Here too the Junior Red Cross should prove an instrument for promoting understanding of every citizen's responsibility for good government, and should make the members not only ready to give service themselves, but to recognize and follow honest and efficient public servants. The Junior Red Cross can set an example of democratic practice in your school, through the way of electing Junior Red Cross Council officers and through recognition given all members for their service in the classroom and outside. Because of the understanding they have gained of their community and nation, Junior Red Cross members should be able to help the school also in "extending educational services to out-of-school youth and adults."

The cooperative attitudes indicated here will be expected as an almost inevitable result of conscious participation in the Junior Red Cross program; but such attitudes will be expressed in action more often than in words. The Red Cross is primarily an agency for the active expression of high social standards. "Ethical standards and moral values" listed as one of the objectives in morale are meaningless except as they are put to work in living.

In other countries fighting for democracy, leaders seek as earnestly as we for ways of building the individual's sense of personal worth, now when necessity draws all together in mass communal effort. The best answer has been found in "voluntary service," in which all share proudly—for which all are honored, and from which all reap benefits. That is what the Red Cross must stand for, to senior and junior members. If it is not that way, in your school, the members have a job to begin on: it is probably not so perfect but that they still have a job to do.

Physical and Mental Fitness for Serving

"A Health Problem Affecting Your Own Community"

THE OCTOBER *Guide for Teachers* gave examples of important national health problems and ways that Junior Red Cross members in certain communities have directed their energies toward solving them. Any cause of ill health in one community becomes a "national problem" today, when it is important as never before to keep all citizens in the best possible trim, physically and mentally. But there are a few special problems about which the "alert" has sounded today in all parts of the nation.

Saving Life

One of these is prevention of accidents.

Why should it cost such a great amount of money, time, and effort on the part of public officers to hold down the death rate from accidents? When the annual toll in a city falls by two or three in one year as against the preceding, the record is hailed as phenomenal; when it creeps up by half a dozen or a score, the record is counted lamentable—but inevitable.

Daily thoughtfulness, in many cases the most ordinary "decency" in manners, could cut the money cost and the more awful human cost of deaths and crippling accidents. Pedestrians and motorists alike often actually go out of their way to run in front of one another. Is any final solution possible except *caring enough for the rights of other people?* Their right to life, their right to happiness in going about their affairs, unterrified by vicious traffic dangers.

Caring Brings Results

There are two examples of notable gains in conserving life that have resulted from educational programs. One measurable gain has been in the field of water safety. Since 1913, during the years that the American Red Cross has been teaching Life Saving and Water Safety methods, deaths from drowning have decreased thirty-three percent. Along with the decrease in death rate has gone an ever wider indulgence in water sports. The motive of saving the lives of others has undoubtedly given stronger motivation to the program than would a mere desire to "play safe" for oneself.

The statistical bulletin of the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company for September, 1941, states that for the fifteen years since records were first kept, the death rate from home accidents for children under fifteen years has declined forty-four percent. The gain has been due in part to improved equipment for heating, cooking, lighting, and laundering; but also to the home safety program that has made parents and older children more careful about avoiding burns, and about safeguarding members of the family, especially children, against poisons.

The statistics are still shocking: 33,000 killed in home accidents, a close second to the number killed in traffic. Still more startling is the fact that more people are disabled in home accidents than the total injured in traffic, in mines, mills, factories, and all other public places together. One especial problem in accidents to children is the needless loss of life of a thousand babies annually, through smothering—in bedclothes, in turning their faces into their pillows, in being rolled on by grown-up people. If the youngest

Junior Red Cross members could accept responsibility for educating parents and safeguarding baby brothers and sisters against such accidents, their campaign could bring noticeable results.

If all members could take with deep seriousness their personal responsibility in preventing home accidents right now, as a service to National Defense, the statistics would record gains right now, and in future years. There is no reason to doubt that the combined efforts of thirteen million Junior Red Cross members, if enlisted in this cause, could bring results that the whole nation would feel were worth shouting over.

Building Life

The other health problem about which little can be done without the understanding cooperation of children is that of nutrition. Two especially helpful articles were published in the October, 1941, issue of the *Teachers College Record*, Columbia University Press. One, "Establishing Good Food Habits in Gifted Children," is the story of how teachers gained the cooperation of the children. The problem itself and the methods were appropriate to any good teaching situation.

The kind of diet needed by all, which mothers and teachers should know by heart, is itemized in another brief article in the same issue: "The National Diet," by Grace MacLeod:

"The science of nutrition makes it possible to state the pattern for an adequate daily diet in terms of our common foods. If our meals *every day* contain the following, we are safeguarded against dietary deficiencies:

"*Milk.* For growing children and expectant or nursing mothers, one quart; for others, one pint or more

"*Cereals and Bread.* At least two servings of whole-grain products

"*Fruits and Vegetables.* Green-leaf or yellow vegetables, one or more servings; tomatoes, oranges, grapefruit (or other raw fruit or vegetable rich in vitamin C), one or more servings; potatoes and other vegetables or fruits, two or more servings

"*Eggs.* One a day if possible; if not, three or four a week

"*Meat, Poultry, Fish.* One or two servings a day if possible; if not, three or four times a week

"In addition, it must be kept in mind that infants and growing children need direct sunshine, or fish-liver oil, or some other rich source of vitamin D.

"If every day's meals are planned according to this pattern, one may then eat in addition whatever one likes to obtain sufficient food to satisfy one, provided of course there is not over-indulgence in foods that would interfere with appetite for the foods listed."

A Constructive Motive

One teacher voiced the query of many when she asked, "I wonder if we must begin teaching our children to hate, now?" Temporarily we must accept the closing of outgoing paths we loved. But instead of teaching children to hate, let the Junior Red Cross be still an outlet for constructive service to our nation. With lives to be saved and lives to be built, no time will be left for hating.

American Junior Red Cross NEWS

February • 1942

Part I

Rounding Up the Sheep

ELIZABETH YATES

Illustrations by Jon Nielsen

"STOPPA!" Father called, after they had been riding an hour on the trail that led up to the mountains. Tucking into his belt the silver-handled whip which he only used to snap in the air, he tossed the reins over his pony's neck and slid off the saddle.

Finnur, Gudrun, Hans slipped from their saddles and stood quietly while the ponies moved a little away from them to feed where the grass was green.

"How big the world is!" Gudrun exclaimed, thinking of all that lay ahead of them beyond the mountains, thinking of the stony roads over which they had come, the rivers they had crossed and the wild grandeur of the countryside.

"It's not the world," Finnur reminded her. "It's just a part of Iceland."

Soon they tightened the strap of a saddlebag here and a blanket roll there and remounted. Leaning low over the heavy manes, they patted the ponies and whispered in their ears, for everyone knew that ponies went better if you loved them. The ponies pressed their noses forward and pricked up their ears as if answering the call of the mountains; then they were off, single file over the stony trail.

The time for the ingathering of the sheep had come, and the three children were going with their father to Cousin Olaf's farm to help with the work. Next to fish, sheep were most important in Iceland—giving food, wool for warm clothes, hides for shoes, horns for implements, bones for toys.

When Father called "Stoppa!" again, they halted by a tumbling brook where the ponies could drink, pushing their soft noses around in the cool water.

"Your saddlebag has the sandwiches," Finnur reminded Gudrun, "and here's the milk." He took from his bag a bottle wrapped in layers of wet newspaper to keep it cool.

"I'm as hungry as a pony," Hans exclaimed.

"Then eat as well as one," Father said. "We've a long way to go."

In the late afternoon they reached the great rift leading down to the Plains of Thingvellir. They reined up their ponies to look with pride on the spot where over a thousand years ago the first parliament in the world had met.

"If I had a hat on, I'd take it off," Hans said, for there was something noble about this great open plain bound by snow-streaked mountains, with a lake at one end and a river filling the silence with sound.

Even the ponies stepped softly as they reached the shore of the lake where they were to camp for the night. Two little tents were quickly set up, and Gudrun gathered sticks and dried moss to keep the fire going while the others went to the lake to see what they could angle for their supper.

"The fish are certainly in a hurry to be eaten," Finnur shouted to Gudrun as they soon came back to the camp with four salmon trout.

"This is the best kind of supper ever," Gudrun said, when there were only piles of clean bones on their plates. Then she yawned, and



Finnur hurled a stone toward the eagle which hissed and soared skyward

Father said it was time for everyone to go to bed.

The ponies were hobbled, the fire was put out, blankets were unrolled, and one tired traveler after another rolled up in them. The ground might be hard, and darkness far from settling on the world, but sleep came quickly to them all.

The next day the country grew wilder and rockier. The rivers were deeper, and some of the ponies had to swim, their riders clinging to them. Of course they got wet, but people could shake as well as ponies, and the fresh wind soon dried them off.

"We're getting into the high mountains now," Father looked around him. "See how much greener the grazing is than farther south!"

They reached Cousin Olaf's farm by noon, and Cousin Anne had a hot luncheon ready for them—mutton stew and boiled potatoes, with rhubarb jam and bread for dessert. Then, with Olaf leading and the two sheep dogs winding in and out among the ponies, they started up where the pasture land stretched high and far and the sheep were grazing.

"We part here," Cousin Olaf cried out when they reached a certain point; and taking Gudrun and Hans with him he went up one trail while Father and Finnur took the other.

"Bles!" they called to each other as the trails parted.

There were more than three hundred sheep with their lambs up in these high meadows. Cousin Olaf had thought that he would round

up most of the flock and that only a hundred or so would be where Father and Finnur were going. Then they planned to meet again the next afternoon at the farm in the valley.

"We've got ninety-nine," Father said, when near evening he made his count, "and I don't believe there are any more to be found."

"It's been very easy," Finnur said almost regretfully. "The sheep have all come together so well."

They herded the sheep into a small enclosure between the rocks with Bruni standing guard at the opening. Then they built their tiny campfire, heated some soup and sipped it slowly before rolling up in their blankets for the night.

Finnur had heard bleating so much of the day that he was not surprised to hear it at night. He was not surprised until he woke up and found the short night was over and the morning gray and dew-drenched about him. On the far peaks the sun was glinting. At hand, the sheep in their enclosure were lying so close that they looked like a rough woolen rug left out all night and sparkling with dew. Bruni lay stretched across the opening, his nose between his paws; and, though Finnur saw him only from the back, he knew the dog was alert.

There was such stillness everywhere that Finnur began to think he had been very silly to let a dream awaken him. Then he heard the bleating again. One sheep in the flock gave answer, hoarsely, pitifully. Finnur lay still and tried to find with his eyes the spot on the mountain which his ears told him must be a lost lamb.

Bruni was troubled. He knew there was a lamb left on the mountain, but he had been told to guard the flock so could not go in search of it.

"Never mind, Bruni; we'll find the lamb," Finnur said, and Bruni's tail wagged feebly.

Sharp eyes, trained to see the speck of a cormorant's egg on a cliff face or to spot the tiny sail of a boat on the shimmering horizon, scanned the mountain. There, high up, in a place which seemed part of the world of clouds and sunshine, was the lamb.

There was only one thing to do—go for it. Finnur never thought how it could be done. He knew only that it must be done. "Father!" He nudged the still form sleeping near by.

Father turned and opened his eyes slowly. "Will you take Bruni's place watching the sheep so that I may have him to go up the mountain? There's a lost lamb."

Father nodded sleepily, hardly realizing what he was doing until he saw Finnur unroll himself from his blanket, give a shake to his body and a toss to his head like a pony coming out of its stable. Finnur started off, Bruni bounding to his heels at a word.

"Finnur, where are you going?" Father was awake now.

"Up there," the boy pointed.

"But you can't—the rocks are too slippery; it's too early—" Father called, shaking himself from his blanket.

Then the sheep, knowing Bruni had left them, began to move around in their enclosure and would have been all over the mountain again if Father had not turned to them.

The wall of the mountain rose above rocks and crumbling stone that slipped and slid as feet tried to trace a way on them. Finnur knew that his hope of ascent was to find the way the lamb had gone. Bruni was doing everything to help, sniffing back and forth, trying to pick up one trail from a dozen intercrossing ones. Suddenly he looked back at Finnur; then started up the mountain.

Finnur followed quickly—up, straight up. More than once he wished that he had four soft padded feet instead of two in clumsy shoes. Still, hands could be as good as feet,

and placing them on the rocks, now here, now there, he pulled himself up.

Bruni was a long way ahead, but his excited yelps were a good guide up the steep slope. Now the tone of his barking changed. He was cross. The sharp tone dropped again to a wail. Something had happened to make Bruni very angry, then very sad.

Higher and higher up the steep face of the mountain Finnur climbed until he reached Bruni. Crouching on a ledge, ears laid back and tail pressed between his legs, Bruni had reached the point where he must stop. There was no way up, no way sideways, only down. But the lamb had come that way, for there was the imprint of its cloven hoof.

"Good Bruni, it was clever of you to find the way," Finnur said consolingly, his arms around the dog.

There was another ledge near them, only a little more than out of reach, and on it was the lamb—looking at them with curious eyes, so interested that it had forgotten to bleat.

A strange stillness hung in the air; then from far below in the valley Father's voice came faintly, "Don't do it, Finnur."

At that moment, the sun came over the mountains and lit up the whole valley. It shone brightly on the rock walls and in that



They looked with pride on the spot where the first parliament in the world had met

new light the distance from ledge to ledge looked greater. Finnur's heart felt heavy. Then a shadow came over the sun and lay on the mountain, a shadow of two wings wide-spread. An eagle had sighted the lamb. Hovering in the sky, it was waiting for the moment when it might descend on its prey.

"I must do it, Father," Finnur shouted down to the valley.

Putting his face to the mountain, Finnur counted the cracks between the ledges where fingers might go, the places where feet might lodge. Not for nothing had he scaled the cliffs near home ever since he could walk.

Slowly he eased himself along the rock. There was no sound anywhere, from Father or the sheep below, from Bruni near by, or the lamb he was approaching; no sound save the dull thumping of stones that became loosened. But there was always the shadow of the eagle drawing nearer and nearer.

Finnur reached the lamb and comforted it; then he waved his arms to free the air of the swooping bird. Picking up a stone from the ledge, he hurled it toward the eagle which hissed angrily and soared skyward.

"How shall I ever get you back?" Finnur whispered softly to the lamb.

Then he remembered a picture in a book at home, a picture of a man who went out to find a lost sheep and returned with it over his shoulders. Finnur hunched back and pushed the lamb up into the air, gripping its legs. Holding them with one hand, he reached into his pocket for some string which he had brought with him to mend his saddle, should it need it. With this he quickly tied the lamb's legs together around his neck. The lamb was safe now, and Finnur's arms were free.

He faced the mountain again, seeking the familiar crevices for his hands and, because of the added weight he was carrying, making his feet doubly secure in each niche they

fumbled after. The eagle still overshadowed them, but its circular flight was winging higher and higher. Back on the ledge with Bruni, Finnur looked across at where the lamb had been. How easy everything seemed now that it had all been done!

Bruni led the way down the mountain, the lamb following and Finnur behind them both. As they approached the enclosure, the sheep began to bleat joyously; the ponies were neighing; Father was cheering.

"It's just like the story in the Bible," Finnur smiled to himself. Because one lost lamb was being returned, there was great rejoicing, as if only the lost one mattered.

The afternoon sun was lengthening over the valley when they joined the others at the farm, driving the sheep before them. Father told how the lamb had been brought down the cliff, and Cousin Olaf thanked Finnur warmly.

"Such a fine little ram he is, too," he said. "He will be the head ram of our flock, and all the rest of his days shall walk the mountain land like one who has done great things."

"And we'll always call him 'Finnur's ram,'" said Cousin Anna.

Gudrun and Hans had had a busy time rounding up the two hundred sheep that were their charge, but there had been no great adventures in doing it. They were proud of Finnur and shook hands with him.

Cousin Anna called them in from the sheep-fold to their meal. Spread around the table were bowls of skyr, a bowl for each one, and in the center of the table was plenty of sugar and rich yellow cream to mix with the skyr. It was good, this dish of curdled milk that had been a favorite in their land for so many centuries, and nothing could have pleased them more.

"It's the Icelandic skyr that makes us strong," Cousin Olaf said with a wink at Finnur as they took up their spoons.

WASHINGTON

Nancy Byrd Turner

He played by the river when he was young,
He raced with rabbits along the hills,
He fished for minnows, and climbed and swung,
And hooted back at the whippoorwills.
Strong and slender and tall he grew
And then, one morning, the bugles blew.

Over the hills, the summons came,
Over the river's shining rim.
He said that the bugles called his name,

He knew that his country needed him,
And he answered, "Coming!" and marched away
For many a night and many a day.

Perhaps when the marches were hot and long
He'd think of the river flowing by,
Or, camping under the winter sky,
Would hear the whippoorwill's far-off song.
Boy and soldier, in peace or strife,
He loved America all his life.

—Reprinted by permission from "Child Life"

Charles Steinmetz, American Scientist

CATHERINE CATE COBLENTZ

THERE was one word which Karl August Rudolph Steinmetz heard more frequently than most other children. The word was *No*.

"No, Karl, you cannot do that. No; for you it is impossible. No, do not put a lighted candle inside the tower of blocks. No, do not pour water over your water wheel, in the house. No, do not try to play the rough games the other children play."

And the children would cry, "No, no, go away. We can't be bothered with you." For Karl was little and weak, almost a dwarf in size. When he was young, he seemed old; when he grew older, children were to love him and consider him one of themselves.

He must have grown very tired of hearing "No." Then he discovered the land of books. Books never said "No." They always welcomed him. He enjoyed all his studies, but he liked best the books which held figures. At seventeen Karl was graduated at the head of his school, and, when he went to the university, he still made an outstanding record. He continued to live at home, and he earned money by tutoring younger students, for his family was poor.

Karl August Rudolph Steinmetz was born and lived out his boyhood in Germany. His family heritage was both German and Polish.

The Germany of that day was not a very happy place in which to live. As a result there was discontent and rebellion, and the students were very much at the fore in rebelling. So, just as he was about to receive his degree, Karl was forced to flee into Switzerland to escape a prison term. Switzerland received him very grudgingly, and demanded a fine from him every week.

In that land he met and became friends with a young Dane named Asmussen, who had lived in America and had an uncle there. From what Asmussen told of America, Steinmetz decided it was a wonderful country. But as to going there—again there came the everlasting *No*. For he had almost no money, and the Swiss officials were taking that as fast as they could.

Then Asmussen suggested that, if they went steerage, he had enough to take them both. Steinmetz was delighted, and, on the way



Steinmetz was not the first American of partly Polish origin to contribute to American life. Above, miniature, by Szyk, of Poles asked to settle in colonial Virginia because of their knowledge of how to make tar and pitch

across the sea, tried his best to learn English. But it is not a language to be learned in a few days. So, at Ellis Island, Karl heard the same word of denial to which he was so long accustomed. What? He spoke almost no English? He had no money in his pocket and no job waiting for him?

To make matters worse, he had caught a bad cold and one side of his face was swollen as a result. Then there was his small stature, his hunched back. Enter America? No! He must return to Europe.

And then his friend Asmussen interceded. Steinmetz would learn English quickly. And the money which Asmussen had, he declared, belonged to his friend as well. He would see that he was cared for if necessary. Besides, the country needed him, young Steinmetz. He was a very brilliant person.

So America reconsidered. "Yes," said the

officials at Ellis Island, finally. "Yes, come in."

Steinmetz remained for a week with his friend, trying to learn all the English he could. Then he went to the factory of Thomas A. Edison, of whom he had heard. But everyone was busy, and no one paid much attention to the strange-looking, ill-clad applicant. The answer was, "No, we have no job."

He went on, and at the next place he applied, a firm in Yonkers, New York, he was hired. "Yes, come at the end of the week. We need a draftsman. Twelve dollars. Yes!" At last his luck had changed.

Steinmetz had come to a new land without a penny. Now, within two weeks he had a job. He could pay back his fare. He could support himself. America was treating the stranger well, far better than his own land had done. This was his land! He went straight to a courthouse and took out his first naturalization papers. He, Karl August Rudolph Steinmetz, was going to be an American citizen just as soon as he could.

True, his name didn't sound American. Once, when a fellow German watched him signing it, the German repeated the names one by one. For the first time Steinmetz seemed to realize that they didn't sound American. Very well, he would change his name. Instead of Karl, he wrote down Charles. That was better, he decided. But for a middle name?

Then he remembered the nickname which had been given him at the university, where it was the custom to give every student a nickname. They had called him Proteus. "It is because you are always changing," they declared. The name was taken from Homer's "Odyssey," and because he knew all the characters very well, the name had hurt Steinmetz. For Proteus was the wrinkled old hunchbacked man of the sea, who knew a million secrets. In its way the name said, "No, you are not one of us. You are different."

Well, he was hunchbacked, and he knew secrets too, many and many of them. Determinedly he wrote his name, Charles Proteus Steinmetz.

He liked his work. He wanted nothing better than to work. Occasionally he went to meetings where the problems of electricity were discussed. For a long time, Steinmetz did not say anything; his English was not very good.

But the day came when he could keep quiet no longer. He knew secrets, secrets of elec-

tricity, secrets which dealt with figures, figures which meant laws. He began to speak about them. He began to write.

And then, just as he was nicely settled in his work, the concern was taken over by the General Electric Company. The change didn't matter very much to Steinmetz, as long as he could continue playing with his figures, discovering the secrets of electricity.

It is said that because someone was careless, he worked for the company for weeks before he received a salary. He didn't even inquire about that, just set himself to making what little he had saved carry him on. He was afraid to ask whether or not he was to receive a salary, whether he was to be allowed to remain with this important new company. He was still fearful of hearing that word, "No."

But of course he didn't. The Proteus in his name had been well chosen. For the American scientist who had come from Germany knew more secrets, it seemed, than anyone else working with the new plaything of man—electricity.

He was soon known as the miracle man of electricity. He did about as he pleased. Whatever apparatus he wanted was his for the asking. He worked as long or as little as he liked. He was perfecting beginnings, turning a plaything into man's servant. He was head engineer of his company.

And he was finding happiness. He built himself a laboratory, then a conservatory for his collections of cacti, ferns and orchids. Last of all he built a home, and he invited a young engineer and his wife to live with him. They were soon calling him "Dad." And their children in turn called him grandfather. Charles Proteus had always delighted in having friends. Now he had a family.

America was shining from one end to the other with light. More and more, electricity was doing man's work. The country was very proud of Charles Proteus Steinmetz. Harvard University and Union College gave him degrees. The President of Harvard called Steinmetz the foremost electrical engineer in the world. Edison, Marconi, Einstein came to his laboratory.

The newspapers were more than eager to print any least word about his laboratory and his work. He was honored in his profession. Children loved him. He had many friends. He had started life hearing the word, *No*. He ended it by hearing *Yes* on every hand.

Yes, Charles Proteus Steinmetz, America was and is proud of you.

The driver may doze peacefully in his fur sack, for the leader of the team knows the way



SOYFOTO

Eskimo Dogs of Siberia

I. DMITRIEVSKY

"MAN could never have settled the Far North without the aid of the Eskimo dog," say travelers who know those regions.

The Eskimo dog was tamed by man somewhere about the middle of the Stone Age. Since then this particular breed, man's constant companion here in the Arctic regions of the Soviet Union, has altered very little. It still has characteristics that show its kinship with the wolf and the jackal. There is none to equal it in the performance of the difficult and varied duties demanded by the life of the Far North.

At three months old, a pup already shows all the points of the Eskimo dog: the triangular head, black-tipped muzzle, lips drawn back in a peculiar sly grin. He has brown, slightly squinting eyes, upstanding ears and rough, straight hair. His coat is whitey-gray and like a wolf's, with black patches here and there, thick tufts of fur on the legs. Its rich, fluffy tail is curled round over the back, or borne proudly like a plume, or sometimes stuck straight out like a wolf's. It was formerly regarded as impossible to train these dogs or to teach them any tricks, but they have been found to be extremely intelligent and they learn very quickly. At the first blow of the whip or the first angry shout, the Eskimo dog ceases to obey and to trust its master. Among the peoples of

the North there is a saying: "Strike your dog, and you may say farewell to it!" At two years of age the Eskimo dog is capable of any work required of it by man in its environment.

The dogs of the Arctic plains, the tundras, are born herders. They not only guard the herds of reindeer, they seek the animals that have wandered away from the rest and the newly dropped calves, and drive the herds from pasture to pasture until they bring them home. When the reindeer are attacked by wolves, one party of dogs does battle with the enemy, while the rest form a cordon around the herd to check the deer from stampeding and turn them towards camp and the care of the herdsman. Reindeer breeding would

be unthinkable without the Eskimo dog, since large herds require many herdsmen and people are scarce in the tundra.

Draft dogs have won fame for themselves in the most daring expeditions to the Pole. In spite of the extraordinarily rapid development of mechanized transport in the Soviet Far North, the principal mode of transport between the districts of the interior, especially in the northeast of Asia, is maintained in winter time by these wolf-like dogs. On the Kamchatka Peninsula, where the ground is full of pits made by volcanic eruptions and half buried in snow, communication is maintained by the thirty thousand dogs

A three-months-old Eskimo pup already shows the typical triangular head, black-tipped muzzle, squinting eyes, pert ears

SOYFOTO





COURTESY DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR

that convey people, freight and mail up and down from valleys to coast, returning with new freight and passengers through any weather. Blizzard and frosts make no difference to them. Their hardiness and strength are remarkable. Forty kilograms [a kilogram = $2\frac{1}{2}$ lbs.] of freight are allowed to each dog in the team.

A team of twelve can draw a load of half-a-ton at a rate of eight kilometers [a kilometer is about $\frac{5}{8}$ of a mile] an hour, and can do about a hundred kilometers a day. They work willingly, encouraging each other at difficult points with a chorus of their own. The driver may doze peacefully in his fur sack, for the leader of the dog's team knows the way and will keep order. If he feels by the reins that one of the team is not pulling his weight, woe betide the lazy fellow! Heavy punishment will be dealt out to him, and swiftly. If, however, it turns out that this dog has injured a paw, the leader gives a snort of confusion and, returning to his place, pulls for two. At halting places when food is being distributed, the leader enjoys no privileges.

If the driver takes his gun with him, draft dogs will help him on the hunt.

The Eskimo dog combines the qualities of all

Reindeer such as these were unknown in Alaska fifty years ago. It was not until 1892 that a few small herds were brought by boat from Siberia across Bering Sea to Alaskan shores. Skilled Siberian herders came also, and taught the Eskimo how to herd, thus starting a new industry

the other breeds, surpassing them in endurance, vigor and intelligence. It will hunt any beast or bird, and this is the basis of the prosperity of the peoples of the North; the hunter who owns an Eskimo dog can earn four or five times more than he who does not. Fifty per cent of all the valuable furs in the Soviet Union are obtained with the help of this dog.

It is impossible to go hunting without dogs. When the hunters start out for the dense *taiga*, the vast, swampy forests of evergreen trees, which begin where the tundra ends, they have to take a large stock of winter provisions with them. With his hunting dog the man draws the sleigh, loaded with provisions on the way out and with pelts on the way back. A good Eskimo dog is not to be bought for any money.

The dog follows its owner in the choice of a trade; a squirrel-hunter's dog is a specialist in squirrel hunting. By scent, sight and sound it finds the squirrel and barks at it. The wild thing is startled by the dog's scratching on the tree trunk. Few squirrels can bear this sound; the majority scamper out of their hiding places in alarm. The hunter hurries to the spot where the dog is barking and shoots the squirrel.

The Eskimo hunter dogs works on its own; it follows a zigzag course, working shuttle fashion through the forest, but never for a moment losing its master. If the man comes to a standstill or hides, even the keenest dog will stop work to go and look for him. Then he will continue the squirrel hunt when his master is found.

Bear-hunting dogs work in twos or threes. When they have roused a bear, they pursue it, snapping one after another by turns at his hindquarters, and leaping back to escape the blows of his powerful paws. At last the bear, finding it impossible to save his hams any other way, sits down in hopeless rage and desperation and falls a prey to the hunter, who either shoots him or sticks him with a knife attached to the end of a long staff. Courageous, though not to the point of reck-



SOV FOTO

Outside his master's snowbound hut, a lone Eskimo dog barks at the eerie Arctic sun

less stupidity, the Eskimo dog will nevertheless fasten on the withers of a bear if it mauls a hunter. Many cases have been known when these dogs have met their death trying to save their masters. There are bear-hunting dogs that, alone and unaided, can drive a bear weighing from eighty to a hundred-and-twenty kilograms to seek refuge from their terrible bites in a tree.

The Eskimo dog is a "speaking" animal. By its bark, now angry, now cheerful, short or long, the hunter can guess what it has found—a bear or a tiny chipmunk, a dull-witted hazel-hen or a cautious moor-hen.

The dogs can change their trade and adapt themselves to a new one very quickly. One named "Boycott" was famous in the marshy Narym country around the River Tym, a branch of the Ob. His specialty was hunting squirrel and moor-fowl. He could beat a spaniel at going after wild duck. But he caught cold in his ears in going through icy water, and lost his hearing. Though he was no longer any use for hunting, he proved a splendid draft dog, driven singly, and could run in a sleigh loaded up to fifty kilograms.

These Eskimo dogs are sheared regularly. As much wool and down is obtained as from a merino sheep, and the quality is even better.



COURTESY DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR

Mt. McKinley woolies seem playful by their smiles; are actually hard-working, husky sled dogs

Fur traveling garments made of the skins of these dogs are regarded throughout Siberia as the warmest and most serviceable. They are preferred to those of other dogs because they do not smell so strongly.

The Eskimo dog does many useful things. There is one duty, however, performed as a matter of course by other breeds of dogs, which this one is quite incapable of performing. The dog outside the hut of the solitary hunter of the snowy tundra barks into the Arctic mists, hearkens to some sound, senses something, and from time to time a howl like a wolf's bursts from its throat. But do not imagine for a moment that it is guarding its owner's property. Of this the Eskimo dog is quite incapable, for it does not know what property is. It has been tamed and trained by the peoples of the Far North, who have never yet known theft. If you should happen to be starving or to have lost everything on your journey, you may fearlessly enter any house or barn and take whatever you need. The dog that looks so fierce will merely wag its tail in a friendly sort of way. For the animal has been made a friend of by man and does not know how to pursue him or track down a thief; a task of that kind would be beyond its comprehension and powers.

COURTESY DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR





COURTESY NATIONAL GALLERY OF ART, WASHINGTON

Portrait by Edward Savage: George and Martha Washington, the Custis children, and servant "Billy"

The Washington Family

ELOISE LOWNSBERY

AMONG the treasures of the new National Gallery of Art in Washington is a large painting of the First Family of America in the year 1796. It was painted in Philadelphia by Edward Savage just twenty years after the signing of the Declaration of Independence, and during Washington's second term as our first president.

The French and English and American artists of that day flocked about Washington to paint his portrait: Houdon, Stuart, Peale, Trumbull, Copley. He was painted as a tall young surveyor, as a general, as a Mason, as the President. But only young Savage painted the family at Mount Vernon, the home they all loved best.

Perhaps no other home in America had so many boys and girls dashing in and out as

had the mansion house above the Potomac. There were all the nieces and nephews on both sides of the family. There were Mrs. Washington's own two children, Martha and John Parke Custis. And after they died, there was John's family, two of whom the General and Mrs. Washington adopted as their own.

These two, George Washington and Eleanor Parke Custis, Edward Savage first met in the Executive Mansion in New York. He went there to paint Washington's portrait for Harvard University, where it hangs today. He noticed that young Custis spent his mornings with his tutor, Tobias Lear, studying Latin and arithmetic and history and composition. And Eleanor, or Nellie as she was always called, studied geography and reading, and practiced the spinet and the harpsichord.

Both were taught how to enter a drawing room, how to greet ambassadors from foreign lands, or members of the Senate and House of Representatives, or artists come to paint their foster father's portrait.

After Edward Savage had made three sketches and paintings of Washington, he sailed away to London to study painting with Mr. Benjamin West. Four years later he returned to Philadelphia to open a studio, and again he visited the President's house, for the capital had been moved to Philadelphia. This time he painted all the members of the family together on a very large canvas. He must, too, have visited Mount Vernon, for he posed the group on the East portico, with the river flowing in the background between the white pillars. Washington, in his general's uniform of blue and buff, is seated at a table, his left hand resting on a large map beside his sword and black cockade hat. His right arm rests on the shoulder of his adopted son, young Custis, who stands behind a large revolving globe. The boy holds in his hand a pair of calipers, almost identical with those which Washington used as a young surveyor of fourteen. Custis must often have spun the globe to see the world turn round. You can still see it in Washington's library at Mount Vernon.

On the opposite side of the table, Mrs. Washington sits in her shimmering gray satin gown, pointing with her fan at the map. Behind her is Nellie in her crisp, white dotted swiss, just like a gown still hanging in one of the cases at Mount Vernon. She is holding one edge of the curling map.

No wonder this map is the center of the family group, for it is the plan for the nation's

capital-to-be, the one Washington asked Major Charles Pierre L'Enfant to draw. Major L'Enfant placed the Congress House, as he called the Capitol, on a wooded hill. He set the city between the rivers, the Potomac and the Eastern Branch, now called the Anacostia River. He planned to bring water both to the President's House and to the Congress House from the near-by creeks, and to lead a canal up the principal avenue to a cascade of water, whence it would divide and empty into Eastern Branch. The streets were to be wide enough for several prancing horses and carriages to pass in comfort. They were to be named for the states. There were only thirteen of them. Statues and flowers were to adorn the circles where the streets met. A monument to Washington was to be placed almost on the spot where the great shaft we call the Monument now stands.

Behind the group, in the shadow, yet very much a part of it, stands William, or Billy Lee, the faithful servant who followed his master through the eight long years of the War of the American Revolution. By the terms of Washington's will, all the Mount Vernon slaves were freed, and Billy Lee was given thirty dollars a year as long as he lived.

As soon as it was finished, the painting was exhibited in Philadelphia in Savage's Museum of Art. New York learned of it, and asked that it be sent there. Later it was taken to Boston where it hung for nearly fifty years before passing into private ownership. Now, as part of the wonderful art collection given by Mr. Andrew Mellon to the American people, it hangs in the National Gallery of Art in the nation's capital, belonging to all of us.

Cornerstones

LEADER BY DESTINY. Jeanette Eaton. Harcourt, Brace, New York.

This life of George Washington makes you see him as a very human being. As a young man, he is awkward and shy. He falls in love easily, but doesn't get on very well with girls. He is a grand athlete, but not so good at his books. He sometimes loses his temper, but he never loses his determination to see things through.—E. McB. B.

TWELVE DAUGHTERS OF DEMOCRACY. Eleanor Sickels. Viking Press, New York: \$2.50

If you like tales of adventure and excitement, you will really enjoy this collection of true stories about twelve American women.

There is the story of a very young First Lady of the Land, who married the President after he was in the White House; the amazing account of the richest girl in the world—Hetty Green; the story of Janie Porter Barnett, who made laughter and happiness her aims in helping her race; the life-long battles waged by "Mother" Jones on behalf of factory and mine workers; Kate O'Hare's adventures and imprisonment because she "stirred up the people";—and many more fascinating biographies.

This book will take you up and down and across our continent, straight into the hearts of some of those who have made America the nation it is today.—A. H. W.

American Junior Red Cross NEWS

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National Officers of the American Red Cross

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To All Junior Red Cross Members

OUR COUNTRY is at war. A nation, with whom we earnestly struggled to remain at peace, invaded our soil and killed many of our people—without warning. Other aggressor nations joined in hostilities against us. Total war was launched against our men, women and children. Our men, women and children must now fight and work unitedly and to the extent of all our resources.

On December 12th the President of the United States summoned the American people to give through their Red Cross a minimum of \$50,000,000 as a War Fund.

In the words of our Chairman, the Honorable Norman H. Davis, "Today is the day to demonstrate our high morale, our unity, our determination not alone to support our President and our fighting men at the front, but also to insure to the wounded, homeless and war sufferers that we stand 100 per cent ready to aid them through the Red Cross."

Among those already suffering, there are children. There may be many, many more who will become the victims of war. We, of the Junior Red Cross, must do our utmost for them and for others. We, of the Junior Red Cross, must throw the full support of our vast membership behind the President, the Red Cross, our fighting forces and the people of our country.

On the very day when Japan treacherously attacked our soil, our ships, our people, I returned home from a 20,000-mile flying trip, during which I saw the devastating effects of war in Great Britain, in Russia, and in the

Middle East. I inspected within those countries the extensive assistance being rendered by the American Red Cross. I also witnessed the heroic and determined struggle of people—men, women and children—to work and to fight and to sacrifice their treasures and themselves for the Victory that will be theirs.

I issued a call then to the full strength of our American Junior Red Cross for support of the War Fund appeal. It has been answered with very gratifying results. I am confident every Junior Red Cross member, officer, committee member, sponsor, will continue wholeheartedly to answer this call and by earning, sacrificing and giving, that they will demonstrate the loyalty, determination and spirit so necessary now and for the days ahead. Some of these days may be very dark ones, but they will be the forerunners of those glorious days when decency will be restored to the world—through the concerted efforts of all of us—men, women and children.

James T. Nicholson
National Director,
American Junior Red Cross

For Unity

DO YOU REMEMBER what Mr. Nicholson said in his editorial in the September News? One thing he said was this: "Each one of us can help to make our country strong and united and free by living up to his social responsibilities."

Now that our country is at war, our young men must fight to keep us free. They are living up to their social responsibilities. School children, too, still have social responsibilities; they still can do their part to keep our country strong and united. When the attack came on December 7th, our country became united; all our people felt as one. We must keep that feeling alive.

"All our people" means citizens whose ancestors, for the most part, came to America from other lands. Some came from Germany, Italy, Japan, and other countries with which we are now at war. But their children, born on our soil, are American citizens. We believe that, almost without exception, they are loyal citizens. A sure way to break up our unity and to weaken our country is to make these children and young people feel outcast and alien, to persecute them with war-bred hatreds. Children can do much to keep this from happening in their own hearts and in their own schools and communities.



America Is

Decorations by Margaret Waring Buck

A FIFTH GRADE in a public school in Glencoe, Illinois, working all together, made up an answer to their own question, "How would you describe your country to someone who knew nothing about it?" They did it all themselves, and had lots of fun at it. One of the boys made up the title, which everyone in the class liked. The children gave some of "America Is" for a Thanksgiving program. This is part of what they wrote:

AMERICA IS forests waking up in the morning dew as you hear birds chirping gaily and squirrels in the trees eating and chattering.

Rabbits eating sweet clover and running in and out of the bushes.

Grandfather frogs lazily sunning themselves on a round flat lily pad of a smiling pond.

Skunks and porcupines that waddle around with none to fear.

Shy, fleet-footed deer that dart in and out of the dense forest.

Proud, elderly moose that stand in the water, silently holding their antlers aloft.

The cunning fox that steals through the woods ready to pounce.

The immense silver-tipped grizzly bear with his long curved claws and tremendous strength to pull over huge boulders.

The sure-footed mountain sheep with his long curved horns.

The stubby beaver with his broad tail that guides him through the water.

The shy raccoon with his ringed tail and dark circles around eyes on his sharp-pointed face.

Mother birds spreading their wings over their babies and baby fawns cuddling up against the mother or nuzzling the ground for food.

AMERICA IS the long, never-ending roads that tie town after town together.

Roads that sing along with the crickets. Smooth roads.

Bumpy roads.

Roads that run races with the squirrels.

Roads that twist and turn like the worms.

Roads with the smell of burning leaves on their sides.



Roads that invite you to roll along with them.
Roads with bridges that sway back and forth
to the rhythm of the wind.

Roads alive with colored beetle-like cars
crawling up the mountains and down into
the valley.

AMERICA IS churches that tower above the
quiet villages.

The church bells that almost drown out the
buzzing of voices as they chime, "Come to
church, Come to church."

Churches on the hillsides and in the valleys,
too.

Churches in the great cities and in the towns.
The dim inside of a great church, and the
quiet and stately solitude.

The magnificent altars with white lace spread
upon them, and the candles piercing into
the gray darkness.

The church bells chiming in the evening dusk
over the quiet countryside.

AMERICA IS the vast fields of golden grain
waving while the young winds gaily play
tag over them.

The harvest with its yellow grain, orange
pumpkins and other autumn colors.

The men shouting while putting the fruits of
the harvest into the wagon.

Cool silver streams that go trickling through
the farm meadows where cows sleepily
graze in the bright golden sun.

The cows leaving the pastures for home,
where the farmer milks, and where clean
fresh milk goes into the pail with an even
rhythm.

The hens clucking and cackling telling about
their new eggs.

The rooster crowing, telling that breakfast is
being served in the barnyard.

The orchards and their little old bent fruit
trees with their limbs spreading out trying
to touch other trees while the wind is push-
ing and pulling them to make more leaves
fall.

The cotton pickers swinging from side to side,
picking the little white balls of cotton and
putting them into bags.

The cowboys swinging their lassos and sing-
ing while keeping close watch over their
herds.

Many bright valleys with horses romping and
running around on the grass.

AMERICA IS the small towns with flowers
that sway in the cool breeze and at dawn
open their petals.

The colorful parks with sweet-smelling pine
trees spreading their branches over the
waterfalls.

The children playing, and the sound of balls
flying over the tennis nets.

The shouting of children as they ride on the
creaking swings.

Small towns where people know each other
and are kind and helpful to one another.

Small towns with old ladies and old men sit-
ting on their porches while children run
and skip past them.

Small towns, that at night become dark, and
the shadows of the trees creep from place
to place while the moon shines down upon
them.

AMERICA IS skyscrapers that reach to the
clouds and can see and hear everything
that's happening on the city streets.

Hundreds of cars, buzzing along like little
ants, rumbling on the bricks.

Stop and go lights blinking.

Cars screeching brakes and blowing horns to
let a dog dart across the street.

People bustling about, whistling and singing.
Newsboys calling, "Read all about it."

The opening and shutting of doors.

The pit-pat of children's and grown-ups' feet
on the sidewalks.

Choking smells from the trains that bring
office men and workmen hurrying and plod-
ding to their day-by-day tasks.

Slums with dark silent streets that creep
among the shabby old houses.

Parks where busy city people enjoy the pleas-
ures that await them.

Great freight yards where engines come puf-
fing in, pulling long strings of empties and
go out with their cars loaded down with
goods.

Roaring machinery echoing against the walls
of the great buildings while the flames shoot
out of the chimney and smoky smells fill
the air.

The steel mills with melting steel that looks
like silver water; the machinery spitting
fire as if it came out of a dragon's mouth.

The big harbor near the city with the boats
coming in and out stored with many car-
goes.

The sun shining through the puffs of smoke
making fairy folk.

The old clock in the tower chiming midnight
and all the city lights dimmed except for
the moon shining its petals of light onto the
tall skyscrapers.

The sharp night wind cooling off the tall buildings.

AMERICA IS courageous firemen with their hoses that shoot streams of water on red, orange and blue flames, and save the lives of others.

Policemen with their shrill whistles guiding cars and trucks to prevent accidents.

Doctors who keep sickness away from people, treat diseases and discover new medicines to save many lives.

Nurses that help doctors, nurses that help people when they get children, nurses that help people when they are crippled.

Lawyers who know the laws and give advice about matters of law or act for another person in court.

The research chemist who weaves the dreams of men into realness, who turns the everyday products into wonders you would never think were related.

The manufacturer who, with vision, is able to

look ahead to see trees as paper and rayon. The lumberjack, from the country of thickly grown trees, where the smell of flapjacks floats over the woodlands and where sounds of men calling, "Timber" can be heard.

The miner who goes into dark coal mines, deep in the earth, where the workmen's lights shine and the sound of pickaxes can be heard.

The storm-beaten fishermen that roam the oceans in their schooners looking for good hunting grounds.

AMERICA IS a nation that stands for life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness.

A nation of free people, freedom of speech, and freedom of press.

A nation that lies proudly and happily under "Old Glory," the banner that waves her Stars and Stripes over the land.

—Reprinted from "Childhood Education" with permission of that magazine, and of Miss Mabel Smith, fifth-grade teacher.



Two Animal Books

ANIMALS THROUGH THE YEAR. Margaret Waring Buck. Rand McNally, New York: \$2.00

Do you know why the seasons of the year are very important to animals? And do you know what they must do to get ready for spring and summer and autumn and winter? This book will tell you interesting stories of twenty of our animals and how they live throughout the year. You will read about the busy muskrat, the sleepy bat, the gray squirrel, the beautiful white-footed mouse, the jack rabbit, the careful red fox, the tree-climbing porcupine, the playful black bear, and the swift-running deer—to mention only a few.

The author's illustrations, some in black and white, some in color, fill the book from cover to cover, showing ever so many animals and their babies—just as you would find them in their homes, no matter what time of year you dropped in.—A. H. W.

RED TASSELS FOR HUKI. Anna Andrews Barris. Pictures by Iris Beatty Johnson. Albert Whitman, Chicago: \$1.50

Huki is a playful young llama who does not want to grow up, nor wear the tassels of his owner in his ears, nor carry a pack on his back. Yet in Peru every llama is so marked and begins work at Huki's age—four years old. So, when his kind master, Huambra, starts all his llamas down the mountains to the llama-marking fiesta at Cuzco, Huki decides to run away. He escapes unnoticed, and scampers off to a birthday party, only to become ill on the refreshments; then dashes away only to have a terrible encounter with a mountain lion, and finally returns to Huambra, limping badly. A celebration is held in honor of the little llama's bravery. Nevertheless, Huki goes back home with tassels in his ears, but for a special reason he is rather proud of them.—A. H. W.

Some of Us Americans

THE CALENDAR PICTURE this month shows boys and girls painting a mural to indicate the varied heritage of the people of our country. (As a matter of fact, the idea for this picture was suggested by a mural which is now being painted by students in a junior high school in Concord, New Hampshire.) Letters in Junior Red Cross school correspondence albums for both international and intersectional exchange sometimes give an idea of how many different kinds of people make up our population.

This letter was in an album sent to a school in Florida by the Heavy Runner School in Browning, Montana:

"I AM a full-blooded Indian girl. I live on the Blackfeet Reservation. There are seventeen Indian children and one white boy in our school.

"We have lots of horses and cattle. In winter we go skating and sliding, and play in the snow. We dress like you in the summer. The only time we live in teepees is when we have the Fourth of July celebration and we dress up in Indian dresses then. I do not have an Indian dress. My mother has a buckskin dress. It is decorated with colored beads.



We are sewing for the Red Cross, and the things we are making will be sent to children in England. And we have a 4-H Club. I am in the beef club and we are going to raise heifers. My grandfather died March 20, 1941. He was a chief."

Navajo children in Cornfields School in Klagetoh District, New Mexico, sent an album, and the doll, small rug and loom shown



Above, the Indian chief grandfather, and at left, the Navajo doll, loom, and rug mentioned in the letters on this page

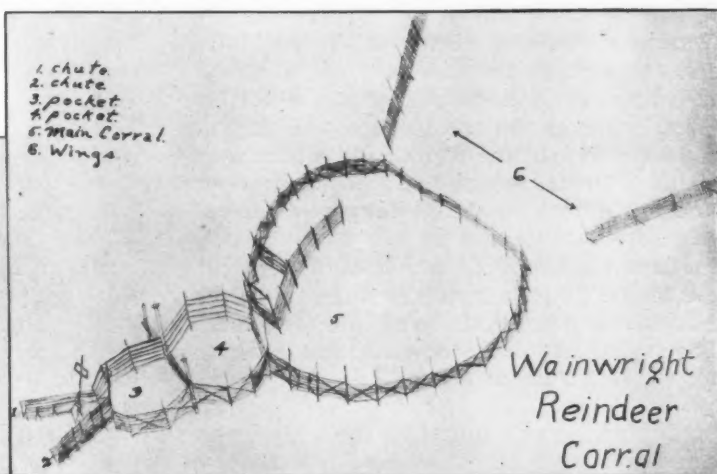
on this page, to a Cincinnati school. One letter in the album said:

"I LIVE in a big hogan. My father made the hogan. I helped my father. The hogan has one window and one door. We have a fence around our hogan. The hogan is made of wood. It has a chimney. The stove is inside the hogan. I work around the hogan on Sunday. We have trees around the hogan.

"I go to Cornfields Day School. The schoolhouse has fifteen windows and one door. It has a chimney made of stones.

"We have fun at school. There are twenty-

These drawings came in a school correspondence album sent by the U. S. Public School in Wainwright, Alaska, to a school in Indiana



three children at school. We eat at school. The school bus is orange. The children like to ride in the bus.

"In the spring of the year we shear our sheep. We get from two to three pounds of wool from one sheep. I often help my father shear the sheep. After we get the wool, then Mother and Sister go and wash the wool in water and soap. It takes a long time to dry. After drying the wool, we get it clean. Mother cards the wool and then she spins it into strings. After she has done this, she gets dye from the store and colors the strings different colors. Then she weaves the wool strings into a pretty rug. After she has made a rug she takes it to the store. And she trades it to the storekeeper."

At Wainwright, Alaska, away up inside the Arctic Circle, Eskimo children in the school run by the United States Office of Indian Affairs made an album for the Montrose School in Terre Haute, Indiana. The Wainwright third-graders wrote:

"WE LIVE in Wainwright, Alaska. The Arctic Ocean is west of us. In the winter, the weather is very cold. We have lots of snow and the Arctic Ocean is frozen. We hunt ptarmigan, reindeer, polar bears, wolves, foxes, wolverines, caribou, and black bears. We catch fish through a hole in the ice. In winter dog teams come to the village. Airplanes come to Wainwright, too.

"Mother always cooks. Mother sews boots, mittens, parkas, pants, dresses, snowshirts, and shirts. Mother washes clothes. Mother sweeps the floor. Sometimes she uses duck wings for sweeping. Mother scrubs the floor. Mother bathes the baby. Mother takes the

bottle of warm milk to the baby. Mother always cleans the cupboards and washes the dishes. Sometimes Mother breaks the dishes. Mother goes to church on Sunday. Mother picks up coal from the beach in summertime. Mother feeds the dogs and Father helps her. Sometimes Mother goes to the dance at school.

"For sewing Mother needs skins, sinew, needle, scraper, thimble, scissors, thread, calico, and a sewing machine. Father must get ducks, seal, reindeer, ptarmigan, walrus and oogruck meat for Mother. Some of the other things that she uses to cook with are flour, baking powder, salt, soda, pepper, lard, raisins, rolled oats, cornmeal, rice, beans, prunes, and canned milk. She buys this food from the native store.

"For clothing Father needs pants, snowshirts, two parkas, boots, mittens, gloves, stockings, fur socks, fur pants, underwear, shirt and cap. Father needs a dog team, dog feed, collars, and chains. When Father goes hunting, he usually has a 30-30 or a 25-20 gun. He has a shotgun for shooting ducks, and a knife. For food he takes coffee, tea, sugar, milk, meat, and flour. He takes a sleeping bag, cup, spoon, fork, knife, and teapot, and tobacco and matches. He uses a gasoline can for a stove. He burns coal in the stove. Some fathers use primus stoves. He needs a tent for a shelter to get away from the storms. He needs binoculars to see reindeer, wolves, caribou or foxes. He needs snow goggles so that the sun won't blind him. He needs traps to catch foxes. He must take cartridges for his gun. When Father goes fishing he uses a net to catch fish. He uses a spear for seals, oogruck and walrus."

The eighth grade is the highest in the Wainwright School. Some of the graduates from that grade are selected to go on to the boarding school at Eklutna which is not far from Anchorage in the southeastern part of the territory. In the Wainwright album were copies of the mimeographed school newspaper and of "Aurora Flashes," the school annual which is brought out by the upper classes. Perhaps you think the people of Wainwright are too far away to be taking any part in our national defense effort. Well, you are wrong. Lily Aishanna, of the Seventh Grade, wrote for "Aurora Flashes":

"THIS YEAR almost all the women who could sew have been making boots for the Army men who are stationed in Alaska. Almost 600 pairs have been made. The skin-sewing teacher in charge was Kate Segevan. The boots were made in sizes 8 to 12. Some of the women made as high as thirty pairs apiece this year. They are still making boots.

"The materials they use are sinew, twisted so that it will not break easily; oogruck for soles; skins from two sets of deer legs; fishnet twine; sealskin for bottom straps; khaki for the tops. They must sew the boots nice and even with small seams. They must make small stitches when they sew the deer legs. The government pays \$6.00 for one pair of mukluks when the women use their own material. When they buy two sets of deer legs from Mrs. Webb, she subtracts \$1.50 from the \$6.00. Oogruck soles are seventy-five cents a pair. The oogruck is a big seal, and they use soles of oogruck skin because it is thick and wears well.

"Mrs. Webb mails the mukluks to Edna O'Leary at Nome, who looks over the boots to see if they are just right for the soldiers. If they have insteps and ankles too small, she mails them back. Twelve sacks out of fifty-four sacks of mukluks were returned for alterations. Mrs. Webb and Kate Segevan returned them to the women by their numbers. The women fixed them over again, changed some of the soles, and put pieces in the ankles and insteps. The boots were then returned to Nome."

In the first correspondence album they prepared for a school for the sons of Indian princes at Udaipur, Rajputana, India, eighth-graders in the Grammar School at Battle Mountain, Nevada, told about their town and

state. In the second, they wrote about their parents and grandparents. Here are some of the letters:

"MY GRANDFATHER, William Jenkins, was the son of a gentleman farmer in Wales, and at the age of sixteen he ran away from home and went to Canada. Here he worked in the mines until he received a letter from a friend in Nevada telling him about the advantages of the livestock industry.

"In Nevada, he established a large business and became a successful operator. He went back to Wales and married. He and his wife came back to Nevada to live.

"In 1900 my grandfather died, but my grandmother, Edith Jenkins, carried on the business.

"The first of my father's family came over from England in one of our early settlements. In England they were shipbuilders and continued in that business in New Jersey. One branch of the family, tired of the trade, moved to Indiana and became farmers. They spread throughout Indiana, Illinois, and other farming states."

"My father's ancestors came from Sweden. They came over here and settled in Nevada. As ranching was the most important industry then, they bought a ranch, a little way from Battle Mountain and lived there. My grandfather kept this ranch until a few years ago, when he sold it to another rancher. My mother's ancestors came from Nova Scotia in about the year 1865. When they came over here, they settled in California and made a living by lumbering. My great-grandparents are still alive, and my great-grandfather makes his living by watching a huge lumber factory at night."

"My parents came from the northern part of Spain. Here they lived on small patches of land where a cow, horse, pigs, and a few fowls were kept. They had friends in the United States who were always writing letters telling them to come to America, and so they began their long trip across the ocean. When they came to New York City, they did not know how to speak English, and had a very hard time because of this. From New York they at once began their trip to the West. My father first stopped at Salt Lake City, and then came to Nevada. In Nevada my father first herded sheep. My mother came to Nevada and here worked in a hotel. Now we are living on a ranch in Nevada."



N.C.F. Circus

"CIRCUS and Song, Circus and Song"—this call echoed through the halls of Hibbing, Minnesota, schools when they were rounding up talent for a program to make money for the National Children's Fund. Seven hundred children, all members of the American Junior Red Cross, worked hard to learn the songs and dances and circus acts on the program so everything would go along smoothly.

Hibbing has from the first had a truly American population. The boys and girls there, like those in "Some of Us Americans," have lots of interesting stories to tell about their forebears. And then, too, there is scarcely a Junior Red Cross section abroad with which these Hibbing members have not corresponded; now they are writing to fellow members in South America, learning about their customs, their schools, and their songs.

So, when everyone met together in the high school auditorium for the long-heralded "Circus and Song," it was good to see from the program (decorated with clowns, balloons,

and an elephant's head) that music from home and abroad was to come first.

A chorus gave real beauty to "Songs of Our Neighbors," including melodies of the Argentine, Mexico, Peru, and French Canada. Another group entertained with folk songs of the British Isles—Scotland, Ireland, Wales, England. Folk tunes of the United States (cowboy, Creole, Negro spiritual), along with some Stephen Foster favorites, were last.

When the song festival was over, everyone sat on the edge of his chair waiting for the circus to begin. As you can see from the pictures on this page, there was a lively per-



formance. The parade was led by the kindergarten rhythm band, and then in fine professional style one act followed another: "Animal" acts, including elephants, high-stepping horses, seals, ponies, mules; tumbling and dancing clowns; tightrope walkers; acrobats, a pirate dance and "Rhythms with Balloons."

Guests and performers, too, went home happy. They had had one of the nicest afternoons ever, and had swelled the National Children's Fund by some \$185.00, from an admission charge of five cents for children, and ten for grown-ups.



Many boys in the U. S. today are knitting for our armed forces. Whittier Junior High "Knit-Wit" club in Flint, Michigan, makes an afghan for veterans

News Parade

"THE RED CROSS does not have to go there; it is there." These words of Mabel Boardman, well-loved Secretary of the American National Red Cross are ever true; their truth was never more appreciated than during the recent surprise attack on Hawaii by the Japanese. For immediately the Hawaii Chapter of the A. R. C. set to work to give relief to civilians affected. Men and women, boys and girls were removed from danger zones; the wounded and homeless were cared for. Before the beginning of hostilities, the American Red Cross in Hawaii had established twelve fifty-bed First Aid stations, completely equipped with doctors, nurses and persons trained in First Aid. Women of the Red Cross Motor Corps, well-trained in driving even heavy trucks in black-outs, were ready to help with evacuation. The local Civilian Defense and the Red Cross worked together in every way. And in the Philippines, ten Red Cross emergency stations were ready to give relief when the enemy attacked. Plans for a children's evacuation hospital had been made; evacuation schemes were complete and had been rehearsed. To help these Chapters in their relief operations, National Headquarters sent staff members, Red Cross-trained for service.

And in Alaska, in Iceland, in the Canal

Zone, Puerto Rico, Trinidad, Newfoundland, Bermuda, as well as Hawaii and the Philippines, and, of course, in continental United States, your Red Cross is on the job to serve the armed forces.

All of this takes hard work, and it takes time. More than anything else it takes money. Cables received as we go to press tell us that local resources in the Philippines and Hawaii, for example, are nearing exhaustion. Junior Red Cross members everywhere will be joining hands now with the seniors to raise the \$50,000,000 Red Cross War Fund. Fifteen per cent of the money raised will be kept by the Chapter for use in local defense work, and all the money given by boys and girls will be kept in accounts strictly separate from adult contributions.

Refer to recent issues of the News for ways of raising money for this Red Cross War Fund which is to play such an important part in U. S. defense. And if you have any

original ideas yourselves, won't you write us about them? That's what Hibbing, Minnesota, did, as you will see from the story and pictures on page 161.

Down in Alabama, Plevna School, of the Madison County Chapter, asked all the boys and girls to bring some corn to school. They had the corn ground, put it in bags labeled "Plevna School," and sold it.

LIKE MANY other J. R. C. groups, members in Springfield, Massachusetts, publish their own news bulletin. Sam Kaplan, a student in the Chestnut Street School, expresses the feelings of all J. R. C. members when he says in the first issue just off the press:

"Whatever the job is, let us do it cheerfully; let us carry it through to the end; let us put our shoulders to the wheel, and really show our elders that young America is reliable, that we can be depended upon, and that we are eager to be real citizens."

IF YOU WANT to be really up-to-date on what your Red Cross has done in the way of foreign war relief, ask your J. R. C. Chairman for a copy of "War Relief Abroad," ARC 310. This will make fine study material for your J. R. C. Councils.

EVEN frogs are doing their part for war relief these days. In response to an urgent cable from England (there aren't any grass frogs available there now) two thousand live ones have been shipped by bomber plane, carefully packed in moss. The frogs won't smother, as they are hibernating, and each box was wrapped in flannel blankets. The animals will be used for experiments in different types of war injuries. Previously, live mice, infected with a particularly requested agent, were sent to England to provide a certain virus needed in the American Red Cross-Harvard Hospital in England.

THE American Red Cross, the U. S. O., and the American Library Association are working together on a Victory Book Campaign, a plan to provide ten million books for men of the armed forces and Merchant Marine of the nation. All the books will be collected from schools, or other collection centers, classified, and then placed in service clubs or military bases where they are needed most. The Red Cross, as "official medium of communication between the people of the United States of America and their Army and Navy," will handle the placing of books inside camp hospitals. The library services of the Army and Navy will issue the books to the able-bodied men in camps. Under plans now being worked out, a soldier returning to his home on leave will be able to borrow a book from the library in a U. S. O. club, read it on the train or bus, and turn it in to any service center after he gets home. The usual regulations will apply to books issued inside the camps.

In making collections, J. R. C. members will want to pick out books that their own fathers and brothers would enjoy.

BOYS AND GIRLS of Sandusky, Ohio, earned money to buy yarn for an afghan. When completed, it was sent to Area Headquarters with the request that it be given to someone needing it. The day the afghan arrived at Headquarters, Miss Margaret Lower, Red Cross Field Director at Walter Reed Hospital, Washington, D. C., was in the J. R. C. office. "It is such a lovely afghan," said Miss Lower. "It must go to a very special person." So Miss Lower took the afghan back to the

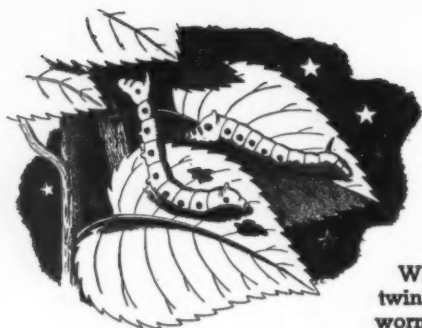


Juniors of Baldorioty School, San Juan, Puerto Rico, check albums for exchange

hospital along with a picture of the boys and girls who had made it. The gift was received with much enthusiasm by a patient whose mother was visiting him at the time. "She is almost as proud of the afghan as the soldier himself," said Miss Lower. Within the next week or so, the boys and girls of Osborn School received a letter and picture from the patient, showing the good use he was making of the gift. He wrote: "It was not only the idea of acquiring this useful afghan which pleased me, but the thought of the willingness of our American boys and girls who try to do their part for the unfortunate soldiers of this country."

POSTERS on good citizenship and patriotism were made by J. R. C. members of Menasha, Wisconsin, and put on display in the reading room of the public library. The public was invited to attend the exhibit, which created lots of interest.

EACH member of the Council School, Larling, Norfolk, England, is working hard for national defense. To earn money for their activities some boys and girls cleaned shoes or ran errands; others made milk covers, lavender bags, and shoe pads. The girls are busy knitting with wool bought with the money raised. The boys are planing and padding splints, and collecting books for the troops. Smaller members have been making blankets for convalescent soldiers, and have already completed ten.



While the stars
twinkled, the little
worms chewed

Si-Ling's Secret

Gladys L. Adshead

Pictures by Lloyd Coe

ONE SPRING DAY Si-Ling, the Empress of China, was walking in her lovely garden.

Si-Ling was the wife of the great Emperor Hoang-Ti, and they lived over four thousand years ago.

Her palace was beautiful, her gardens were beautiful, she was beautiful. But her clothes were not made from silk as you would expect, for then no one in the whole wide world knew anything at all about silk.

Now, Si-Ling was full of curiosity and she liked to invent things. She is said to have invented the loom. She liked to watch the small creatures that moved and flew about her in the gardens.

As she sat beneath her favorite mulberry tree on this spring day four thousand years ago, Si-Ling looked up at the young leaves and thought how nice it would be when the white berries formed and were ready to eat. Suddenly she noticed a fat little grub of gray-green which was busily eating a mulberry leaf. He held the leaf in six small front legs and kept himself in place by ten little cushion feet. Moving his head from side to side, he ate pieces from the edge of the leaf.

Si-Ling noticed the little black spots along his sides, the lump on his head, the little horn on the end of his back near his tail, and the fact that he had no eyes.

She said to herself, "He looks like a

caterpillar, so perhaps he came from an egg."

She walked slowly round the mulberry tree. Touching the leaves gently with her long slender fingers, she looked at them closely and found some tiny eggs, each no bigger than a turnip seed and flattened on the top. Some were little empty shells. Soon she found some from which crawled tiny brown grubs.

"Yes," said Si-Ling, "they are caterpillars."

The tiny caterpillars at once found the smallest and tenderest leaves and began to eat and eat.

Si-Ling saw many more caterpillars on her fine mulberry tree. Some were small and brown; some were larger and cream-colored; some were almost three inches long and very fat. The big ones were ash-gray.

She watched a large ash-gray worm. He raised himself on his two back cushion feet and waved his long body from side to side. By and by he reached a twig and some overhanging leaves. Then from his underlip came a long, very fine glistening thread. It seemed to be sticky, for the worm fastened it to the twigs and leaves on each side of him and above and below. The shining strands came from the worm until he had almost enclosed himself in a silken tent. And still he spun the thread around himself.

After that, Si-Ling went again and

again to the mulberry tree. She even came at night with a lantern. She found that the worms ate on and on after the sun had left the heavens and the stars were bright in the deep night sky. She even took some of the eggs into the palace and put them on large round trays woven of bamboo.

She found that, when the tiny worms came out, she must care for them patiently. At first they could only make small holes in tender little pieces and suck the juice. Then, after about five days, Si-Ling thought they were dead in spite of her care, for they turned yellow. They would not eat and became still. Their skins looked dry and dead and a little wrinkled near the head.

For a whole day and a whole night Si-Ling did not look at them again. On the morning of the second day she lifted the bamboo tray to carry the dead worms away. Suddenly she noticed that some of them were moving. The caterpillars' skins had cracked near the nose and each grub was working its head out of the skin. Gradually, by pushing and wriggling, each worked itself out of the old skin and lay pale and weak on the bamboo tray.

The Empress hurried to her garden. The birds sang, the flowers scented the garden, and the sun shone on Si-Ling's glossy black hair as she gathered mulberry leaves to take to her special caterpillars.

The pale yellow creatures ate greedily. They ate on and on for about five

more days and nights. They got so fat that their skins looked too tight. Then they stopped eating, turned brown and again seemed to be dead.

Si-Ling waited for another day and another night. Again the skins cracked near the nose, the heads were pushed out and the bodies wriggled free from the old skins.



She gathered mulberry leaves for her special caterpillars

This time Si-Ling gave the worms whole mulberry leaves. She was kept busy feeding the greedy little creatures. She found that if she gave them faded or dusty leaves they sickened and died.

For more than a week they ate, until their skins looked very tight. Once more they slept for twenty-four hours, the skins cracked and still larger caterpillars pushed and wriggled themselves from the old coats.

Now Si-Ling brought whole leaves growing on twigs. For eight nights and

days or more the caterpillars ate until the twigs were bare. Then they were ash-gray in color and stopped eating. But this time they reared themselves on their two back cushion feet and waved their bodies in the air just like the one that the Empress had first watched on her mulberry tree.

Soon each found a place on the bare twigs and began to spin its silken tent. Up and down and from side to side as far as their heads could move, they spun their gey ropes of shining silk.

Two days later the grubs could not be seen, for each was inside his tightly spun cocoon. Si-Ling did not know that for a whole day more they spun inside their houses of silk. She could not see, either, that their bodies were becoming smaller all the time because the silk was leaving them through their spinnerets until at last all the thread was used and each body changed into a sleeping chrysalis.

The Empress wanted to see whether the glistening thread could be woven into cloth on her loom. She pulled a cocoon from the twig and gently tugged the floss that lay like fuzz around it. It was stronger than she had expected, and it came apart in short bits—no good at all for weaving.

She tried to find an end on the cocoon itself but it was like a very light hard shell.

"The thread seemed fine and silky when it came from the worm's body," she thought to herself. "Now it seems hard and as though it is glued. How can I unravel it?"

She tried an experiment. She brought a bowl of hot water and after picking off all the fuzz from the cocoon, she dropped the little oval house into the hot water.

The heat melted the gluey substance and she was able to pick up the loosened thread.

Hardly daring to breathe, Si-Ling unwound the unbroken silk, using her pointed fingers skillfully. On and on she wound. She could not believe there was so long a thread in one small cocoon. She could not know that she must unwind about half a mile before she came to the end!

At last it was done and all that remained was a small brown creature that looked quite dead.

"The hot water must have killed it," thought the Empress to herself. "If there are to be more of these wonderful little spinners, I must not kill all, for somehow there must be eggs. I will kill some for their beautiful silk, but others I will watch."

This she did and after two weeks she saw an opening appear at the end of a cocoon. A tiny head with two feathery feelers emerged. Then came two small legs.

Si-Ling felt the opening gently, with the tip of her finger. It was damp, as if the creature inside had wet it in order to soften the glue and push the threads aside.

Presently from each cocoon came a cream-white moth. Soon some laid their eggs and Si-Ling knew that the wonderful story would begin all over again.

She had a secret which she told to Hoang-Ti, her husband.

Hoang-Ti, the Emperor, said that Si-Ling must have many helpers to watch the silkworms, unwind the cocoons, and plant many mulberry trees.

"The threads shine and glisten. I shall wear robes that look like moon-

light; garments as soft and floating as the spring breezes in my garden," said Si-Ling gladly.

Hoang-Ti smiled. "Kings and emperors, empresses, queens and princesses shall wear your silken cloth," he said. "But only the Chinese shall know the secret of how it is made."

For more than two thousand years the Chinese kept Si-Ling's secret. They

sent the silk by Persian merchants to other parts of the world. By caravan it was carried to the western nations where it was received eagerly, for few had seen cloth more beautiful. Yet none knew from what or how it was made.

Old Chinese records tell that Si-Ling, the Empress, was made a goddess for her discovery and ever since has been known as "Goddess of the Silkworms."

Zoo Babies

The children's section in the Bronx Zoo, in New York, has only baby animals in it. At right, the baby llama is offered special food which will not make him sick



COURTESY OF THE WASHINGTON POST

At the zoo in Washington, D. C., children have recently flocked to see the twin jaguar kittens being shown off in the picture above, and the spotted baby tapir shown with his mother in the picture at the right

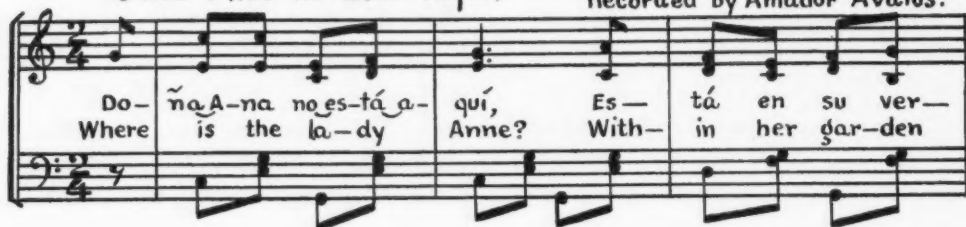


SAMUEL GOTTSCHO



Doña Ana no Está Aquí.

Recorded by Amador Avalos.



Arr. by Charles Seeger.

3

Who can these people be
Who pass my house like sheep?
All day and night they wander
And never let me sleep.

4

We are the famous students
Who have come to study here;
We come to see the chapel
Of the Virgin Mary dear.

A SPANISH SINGING GAME

This song is part of a game, a favorite with many Spanish-speaking children, particularly those in Mexico, Guatemala, and Argentina. In the game all the children except one form a circle and sing the first two verses. The one chosen as Lady Anne sits in the center of the circle and acts out the verses. Lady Anne sings the third verse as the others walk around her; then the circle sings the last verse. Next come these questions: Circle: How is Lady Anne? Lady Anne: She has a fever. Circle: How is Lady Anne? Lady Anne: She is dying. Circle: How is Lady Anne? Lady Anne: She is dead! As she answers the last question, Lady Anne stretches out on the floor. When the others gather around to see if she is really dead, Lady Anne comes to life, jumps up, and begins to chase them. The person first caught is the next Lady Anne.

